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The Weather.

Washington, May 28.—Forecast:
South Carolina—Partly cloudy Fri-
day and Saturday, not much change in
temperature.All's fair in love and war and the
weather forecasts.The A. B. C. diplomats have not got
half way to &c.Cotton—the farmer drops the seed
and the New York gambler's drop the
price.Do the veterans like Anderson? We
never hard any knocking. That is
proof enough.Now for a Shumann to write the
"Three Discoverers"—Old Doc Cook,
Teddy and Doc Munyon.The sensational campaign will hit
Anderson July 17th. Let's have an all
day singing with picnic dinner.The democrat who doesn't get to
vote in the state will be suffering be-
cause of his own carelessness.Teddy has forgotten that line all of
us wrote in the copy book—"A Stream
can Rise No Higher Than Its Source."Just three weeks left in which candi-
dates may decide whether or not to
offer for governor—and some to pull
out.Oh for a splendid road from Ander-
son to Clemson College. It would
mean so much for this city at so little
cost.We have heard of one good use for
the motor-cycle. Fellow out west has
chased and killed 87 coyotes by using
a motorcycle.So Teddy was thick with Mellon,
who admits the rogues of the New
Haven road. Bad company corrupts
good morals, etc.After the veterans had such a good
time here, we venture the suggestion
that the State Press Association will
be here in full force a little later on in
the summer.We are informed reliably that even
now the rules governing the democ-
ratic primary in this state are much
less forceful than primary rules in
other states.The peace mediators have "newly
discovered evidence" that Benton at-
tacked Villa before he was killed.
Next it will learn that poor Villa is
such a martyr.None of the newspapers of the state
give enough seriousness to the candi-
dacy of "Anderson county's favorite
son" for governor—Prof. Jno. B. Ad-
ger Mullally, our poet laureate.Regular that no candidate for al-
derman or mayoralty jobs is "rear-
ing" to annul the franchises of the
telephone and gas companies which
are not owned by Southern people.The Intelligencer has heard so many
favorable comments upon the publica-
tion of Confederate information, that
it is our purpose to start a regular
department of that kind of informa-
tion.Greenville Piedmont thinks that re-
union should be held at Yellville, Ark.
Well, Anderson was Yellville yester-
day. One of the veterans in the
parade was Mr. "Pony" Yell of
Greenville.

THE LESSON OF THE MARCH

For some of them the last reveille
has sounded. The day of strife and of
service and of suffering is over. They
are looking with dimmed eyes toward
the setting of the sun, and soon will
come the silvery notes of the tattoo
call—and then taps, "Lights out
along the line, go to sleep."Reunions are not merely occasions
of hunting and of songs and of parades
and of cheering. They recall and they
foretell. These meetings recall those
days of the sharp agony of conflict,
the long convalescence, the fearsome
vigil on the picket line, the hunger
and the thirst of the rifle pit, the
smoke and the dust and the noisome
odors of the blood fertile field.They foretell the relentless march
of the remorseless arms of Time
which decimates and then annihilates
all armies.The last few days have been happy
ones for the old soldiers of South
Carolina. The embrace, the comming-
ling of tears of joy, the happiness of
gazing once more into the loving eyes
of comrades long since believed to
have been dead. Oh, the week has
been full of such beautiful incidents,
such reunions that no people can ap-
preciate save those who fought under
the Starry Cross, fought when they
knew they were being driven back,
surely and remorselessly, and yet they
fought, stubbornly, valiantly happily
in the cause of their beloved country.And comes the reflection, doubly
sad after the fleeting days of happi-
ness, that for some this is the last re-
union. Just a few more years and
these golden hearted men will have
gone from among us, yes, the last one.
Just a few more years and they will
not be here to tell of the great battles
which made the world gaze in amazement
upon the valor of the South, with
her untrained soldiers facing the
trained and serried ranks of the regu-
lars of the army of the United States,
in numbers overwhelming.As the days go by, it becomes more
and more the intensified duty of the
people of the South to keep alive the
memories of those conflicts in which
we waged a glorious fight. Our chil-
dren must be given the true sentiment
of the South in the matter of Seces-
sion. Where proud monuments rear
their heads, there must have been a
Cause.It has been a great blessing to Ander-
son to have had here one of the
last of the great reunions of the Con-
federate soldiers. For the little ones
coming on will remember that great
parade, their wondering minds will
begin the inquiry which in the end
will lead them to a realization of the
grandeur, the sublimity of the cause
for which their grandfathers offered
their lives—and in many instances
Death claimed his own, the brightest
of the gems of the chaplet of the
South.It was a thrilling scene, one which
must have struck in upon every heart
with an appeal that will receive a
response in a deeper veneration for
the matchless courage, the incompar-
able patriotism, the unequalled chival-
ry of the men of the South who
fought to achieve for themselves a
nation whose shrine of liberty should
forever be kept pure. That is what
the reunion is worth to Anderson.
Our little ones received a lesson when
countless pages of lore and of story
could not thus have impressed upon
them.There at the head of the column
floated the silken folds of the flag
of the gallant Fourth, the flag under
which our own Anderson boys march-
ed out upon the plains of the First
Battle of Manassas. How many
splendid sons of noble Anderson moth-
ers turned to gaze with their dying
glance the folds of the banner to die
for which was coveted honor. Never
let that flag lose its message of love,
nor the mute messages which the dy-
ing lads upon the bosom of fair Vir-
ginia would have had it to bear their
loved ones. Let their memories ever be
kept enshrined in the hearts of our
people and let the people collect, pre-
serve and perpetuate the narrative
of their deathless valor, their imper-
ishable devotion to their country.

THE SWEET PATHOS OF REUNIONS

The pathos of a reunion of our old
soldiers is nowhere so keenly felt as
when they join in the parade, and at-
tempt once more to step with the vigor
and spring of their young manhood.
One can see the fire in the eye of the
old fellow when he straightens up, as-
suming a military carriage and with
enthusiasm cries "Hept! Hept! Hept!"
as he was wont to do in the '60's. But,
try as he may to keep erect, the stoop
will return, and the footstep become
lagging. In spite of the stimulus of
the music he wearies quickly, and is
forced to admit, "Well, I am growing
old, and I can't do the things now I
used to do."Then there are those empty sleeves
or wooden leg mately telling of suffer-
ings on the battlefield. What a loss
this has been for the fifty years since
they were wounded! How much of
life went out when the cannon ball
tore away that limb can never beknown except by actual experience,
and sad are the thoughts when the re-
flection is forced home that a half
century has passed and every year
and day of it is filled with regret and
grief over the fact that the afflicted
one could not perform a whole man's
task.But while these reunions have their
sadness, they are also filled with
gladness. How much the load is
lightened when these honored soldiers
of a Lost Cause return to their homes
and think of the comrades seen again
and the joys felt over the evident de-
sire of everyone to do something for
their comfort. Years lived over in a
few days and the storehouses of their
memories refilled with tender expe-
riences, and pictures to be looked at
and pondered over again and again.When looking at the joys of these
reunions, one is made to reflect
over the absence fifty years hence of
a suitable reunion or occasion for the
young men of today. What are they
doing now to unite them in a national
cause making necessary a State or
National reunion when they are old?Life will be barren on this point for
nearly all of the young men, unless
they can meet as Sons of Veterans and
recount the scenes of this reunion and
the next and the next. The thin gray
line will become extinct and in its
place some other must appear. To
fill the vacancy The Intelligencer
hopes the organization of the Sons of
Veterans may grow, and let them fight
the battles of their fathers for an "age
of ease," or let them help some other's
father if his has answered the last roll
call.Yes, these reunions are pathetic,
but it is a sweet pathos, making pure
the fountain of patriotic emotion.
May there be many more.

LONG AGO.

This night in May upon old Charles-
ton's wall, alone, I muse
And recollection sweeps the vistas
of the past.I live again the happy, happy hours
that cannot lose.
Though long, long years have come
and gone, their charm—the
witching spell they softly cast.Familiar faces, dear, smile once again.
For some has come to the end,
And earth no longer holds them;
and all—how changed!One there was who with that fair
moonlit scene in complete har-
mony seemed to blend
As if for her sweet radiant presence
that setting of the sea and sky
and shore some spirit had ar-
ranged!In the still moonlight, o'er the mir-
rowing bay we gently glide
Methinks I hear the very voices
softly all the old songs singing.
And hear the wavelets 'gainst the sea
wall lapping with the rising tide
And smell the drowsy perfume from
the garden blown o'er the tiny
waves to which they're clinging.And then comes through the misty air
faint and afar
Like fairy fantasies the tinkling
tones, now clear, now hushed
again.As some deft hand sweeps o'er the
strings—the sound of a guitar;
And so one listens thrilled with
tense delight almost, akin to
pain!As then so now the moon is softly
shining down
And as I lean upon the railing of
the Battery wall
And muse upon the beauty and the
story of this proud old town
I wonder not that once a heart has
spell it never can but answer
to her call.JOHN BAILEY ADGER MULLALLY,
Charleston Hotel, May 1885-1914.REQUIREMENTS FOR
VOTING.The state democratic con-
vention has declared existing
rolls of democratic clubs null
and void.Democrats must re-enroll
themselves on the book of the
club district in which they
reside in order to vote in pri-
mary next August.White democrats, 21 years of
age (or those who will reach
that age before the next general
election), who have lived in
South Carolina for two years,
in the county six months, and
in the club district 60 days, are
entitled to enrollment on the
book of their club district, pro-
vided they are citizens of the
United States and of the State.The book of enrollment for
each democratic club in the
state will be opened by the ac-
cretary of the club on or before
the second Tuesday in June,
1914.Democrats who wish to en-
roll in order to vote in the pri-
mary elections must present
themselves in person to the
secretary and sign the roll, giv-
ing their age, occupation and
postoffice address and street
and the number of their house
where these designations ex-
ist.In case he is unable to write,
the applicant for enrollment
must make his mark on the
book of the club district in
which he resides, and the sec-
retary will put his name on the
book.Notice will be given by coun-
ty chairmen of the names of the
secretaries of clubs and where
books of enrollment are to be
opened.The books of enrollment will
be closed and filed with the
clerk of court on the last
Tuesday in July.Col. Roosevelt Snapped on His
Return From South American Trip

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THE return of Colonel Theodore Roosevelt from South America was an
occasion of deep interest. On his arrival at the quarantine station at
New York he announced that he would not run for governor of New
York state and that he would go to Madrid to be present at the wed-
ding of his son Kermit. Mr. Roosevelt said that he would prove that he had
discovered a hitherto unknown river in South America in spite of the asser-
tions of English scientists that the location of the river would necessitate that
it run uphill.

"THE LORD'S PRAYER."

Beautiful Composition Found on Battlefield at Charleston, Said to
Have Been Written by Wounded Soldier During the War.According to the Boston Journal, "the following beautiful composi-
tion was found on the battlefield at Charleston, S. C., during the war.
It was written by a wounded comrade, who never lived to get home.
It is quite a literary curiosity."Thou to Thy mercy—our souls must gather.
To do our duty unto Thee— "Our Father"
To whom all praise, all honor should be given; "Who art in Heaven"
For Thou art the Great God— "Hallowed be Thy Name."
Thou, by Thy wisdom, rulest the world's whole fame,
Forever therefore—
Let never more delay divide us from,
Thy glorious face, but let— "Thy Kingdom come,"
Let Thy commands opposed be by none, "Thy will be done"
But Thy good pleasure and— "In Earth as 'tis in Heaven,"
And let our promptness to obey be even,
The very same— "Give us this day"
Thou for our souls, O Lord, we also pray, "Our daily bread"
Thou would'st be pleased to— "And forgive us"
The food of life wherewith our souls are fed, "Our trespasses"
Sufficient raiment and— "As we forgive"
With each needful thing do Thou relieve us, "Those who Trespass against us"
And of Thy mercy, pity—
All our misdeeds for Him whom Thou did'st please
To make an offering for— "And lead us not"
And forasmuch, O Lord, as we believe "Into temptation,"
That Thou wilt pardon us— "But deliver"
Let that love teach wherewith Thou acquaint'st us, "Us from evil"
To pardon— "For Thine is the Kingdom,"
And though sometimes Thou find'st we have forgot, "The Power and the Glory"
This love for Thee, yet help— "Forever."
Through soul or body's want to desperation,
Nor let earth's gain drive us—
Let not the soul of any true believer, "Amen."
Fall in time of trial—
Yes, save them, from the malice of the devil,
And both in life and death, keep—
Thus we pray, Lord, for that of Thee, from whom,
This may be had—
This world is Thy Work, its wondrous story,
To Thee belongs—
And all Thy wondrous works have ended never,
But remain forever, and—
Thus we, poor creatures, would confess again,
And thus, would say eternally

TEXTILE DISPLAY FINE ONE.

Clemson College, May 28.—That
South Carolina has a textile school
which is entitled to a place in the
front ranks of such schools in this
country was clearly demonstrated to
the American textile public at the
recent Fourth National Textile Ex-
hibition held in Boston. The largest
textile schools in the country exhib-
ited there and among the exhibits
which attracted most attention was
that of the textile school of Clemson
College. This exhibition was a large
one and was prepared with great
pains by Prof. C. S. Dongett, director
of the Textile Department of Clem-
son.
Those who object to a flood of
the sort, this interest on the part
of newspaper readers in the charac-
ter of the matter appearing in their
papers is a healthy sign and is calcu-
lated to do good in the end. It will
certainly cause editors and reportersto consider the character of the mat-
ter published more carefully, and if
that is done the papers will be
clearer.

MUST HAVE VOTE.

Administration Leaders Will Keep
Tolls Exemption Pushed Along.Washington, May 28.—Adminis-
tration leaders announced today that be-
ginning Monday they would make an
effort to keep the tolls exemption re-
peal bill continuously before the sen-
ate until a vote is reached upon the
bill and all the proposed amendments
and substitutes.According to the plan of Senator
Shannon, who is leading the fight
for repeal, all motions to lay the bill
aside for other measures will be op-
posed.Senator Oliver, Dupont and West
spoke on the bill today. Senators
Oliver and Dupont opposed repeal and
Senator West favored it.May we show you
the new shoes for May?Maybe we have just the
model to mould your
foot into.This shoe question
we've made a very care-
ful study of, and would
like to give you the same
comfort opr feet enjoy.

Snow's Oxfords, \$3.50

Howard & Foster's Ox-
fords, \$4 and \$5.Hanan's bench made Ox-
fords, \$5.50 and \$6.Order by parcels post. We prepay
all charges.

B. O. Evans & Co.

"The Store with a Conscience"

SATURDAY

The

Last Business Day

OF MAY, 1914.

Must Be a Rusher!

We are Anxious to Beat the
Season's Record.

We Have the Goods.

SATURDAY

We Want the Man With
the Cash.

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